

HOW TO LOVE A MAN

Crowding upon each other's heels came recently two curious bits of news.

A man cut his arteries because the bride to whom he had been married three months "was always kissing and fussing over" him. A woman took poison, leaving a note saying that if her husband had been as kind as her cook was, she "would not be going where I am."

These scraps from the news heap call attention to two men who were loved too much, or if not too much, at least in an unwise way. An editor, who knew the woman who died of her own will last week told me a half a dozen years ago of cutting on a novelist to discuss a serial he wished her to write, and that, instead he had to listen for a valuable hour to a rhapsody about her fiancé. He fled at last and gave his instructions and completed a contract by the matter-of-fact medium of a typewriting machine.

"I never knew a woman so much in love," he said. "It was pitiful and grotesque. The man had my sympathy."

"She had, you mean," I corrected.

"No, he," insisted the editor.

And there we have the human male's point of view. Men want to be loved. O, yes! Their vanity must be catered to to that extent. But they are practical wretches and hate being rhapsodized over. They don't want to have to live up to some ethereal ideal painted by a romantic woman's fancy. They want to be chums with now and then a little, a very little petting. Comfort is their fetish, and it isn't comfortable to be "fussed over."

They want much loving attention paid to their clothes, but little to themselves.

They want their collars brushed and the lint picked off their sleeves, but they don't hanker for kisses.

They want their meals well cooked and served at the stroke of the clock, but it makes them fidgety and ill at ease to have their hands squeezed.

They like wife to run back into the house to bring them a fresh handkerchief, but they don't like her to run after them and hang on the garden gate or out the flat window at a tumbling angle to watch them start downtown.

They want her to wait at home and make the house a model of order and neatness when they return from a journey, but they are annoyed if she writes them a sentimental letter.

Most men hate to receive a love letter, and can't be bribed to write one. They're a horror of romantic missives and an utter inability to write them. They love women to love them, but not habitually tell them about it.

In short, men, whether luxury loving or not, enjoy the luxury of being let alone.

The word that stands for most to

them is the eloquent word "pals," and that which stirs their deep disgust is "mush."

So, women do well to hide their romantic tendencies if they have them. In a symposium of successful wives one hears most often the advice: "Keep them guessing."—Ada Patterson in Los Angeles Examiner.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER

Comfort one another:

For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.

There is a heavy burden-bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another:

With the hand clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes.

Do not wait with grace unspoken;
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

Comfort one another:

There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choir above.

Ransomed saint and mighty angel
Lift the grand, deep-voiced evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Eternal love.

Comfort one another:

By the hope of Him who sought us,
Paying His precious blood;
By the faith that will not alter,
Trusting strength that shall not falter,
Leaning on the One divinely good.

Comfort one another:

Let the grave-gloom lie behind you
While the Spirit's words remind you
Of the home beyond the tomb.
Where no more is pain or parting,
Fever's flush or tear drops starting,
But the presence of the Lord, and
For all his people room.

—Margaret E. Sangster

DRESSING TABLE

A dressing table may be draped with unbleached muslin, as its creamy surface lends itself to almost any color scheme. About six inches from the bottom decorate with border of flowered chintz (which can be purchased for a reasonable sum).

The valance is then tacked in folds around three sides of the table. The cover for the top has a border of the chintz and the edge is finished with a narrow fringe.

The cover extends over the side of the table for about three inches. Stenciled border may be used instead of the chintz, and either the stencil or chintz in combination with the unbleached muslin will make a dainty and inexpensive dressing table. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

BETTER GET UNDER COVER

(Continued from Page One.)

United States have absolutely free access. Practically every lawyer in Maricopa county and some from other counties were engaged at the hearing and the decrees were drawn by Judge Kent in accordance with the law governing the matters at issue. The fact that this proceeding was conducted just as every other judicial proceeding is conducted is a matter which everyone knows who knows anything about it at all; and that the decree was perfectly just and in accordance with the law has never been questioned. Yet, without an examination of the record, Mrs. Grey today made the astounding assertion that the court was utterly without jurisdiction in the McDowell reservation matter and that the removal of the Pimas to the Salt River reservation was in utter abrogation of their rights.

Mrs. Grey spent much of yesterday in the office of the clerk of the district court. When informed of her mission, Deputy Earl S. Curtis, in charge of the office, told her to look at any records she might desire and offered his assistance in finding the material she required. She refused this offer and later declared that she had been refused permission to look at the court records. Again, later in the day, Mr. Curtis told her she was perfectly welcome to examine any record in the office, but she failed to take advantage of the offer.

Having established herself in the clerk's office, the investigator sent for Captain George D. Christy, who was assistant U. S. district attorney at the time of the Hurley-Abbott proceeding. Mr. Christy gave considerable time to her service, but he finally became tired of the woman's offensive manner and declined to have anything further to do with the affair.

Then the investigator demanded that Captain Alexander, the former district attorney, come to the clerk's office. Quite naturally, Mr. Alexander refused.

Next Court Reporter Jenkins was requisitioned. It was desired that he go over his short hand report of the Hurley-Abbott case to discover the identity of the person who represented the Indians in the proceeding. But Mr. Jenkins also declined the honor; and then it was that the estimable Mrs. Grey "went up in the air."

She declared it was a marvel that she could get no information; that Christy had told her a mass of stuff which she knew was not true; that the Indians had been deprived of their rights without warrant of law. And she darkly hinted that somebody "might be summoned to Washington" to tell the truth about the proceeding. This threat of being "summoned to Washington" was used much after the old fashioned custom of materializing imaginary "bugaboos" to scare children after a raid on the jam preserves.

The whole truth about this imaginary injustice to the Indians is told in a very few words, and as a matter of fact, practically every person who has lived in the Salt River valley for as long as five years knows all about it. The Pima Indians were removed to the Salt River reservation just as Indians have been removed from one reservation to another in dozens of cases. Every legal safeguard was thrown about the rights of these wards of the government. It is a known and accepted fact that the courts here have always been careful to conserve to the fullest extent every right possessed by the Indians; and that the Pimas are vastly better off on the Salt River reservation than they were on the McDowell reservation is known to everybody that knows anything about it at all.

At all events the facts are in the record. Mrs. Grey could have seen this record, but she declined. She made no examination, no search of the books, read none of the testimony, and paid no attention to the decree of the court.

The most charitable view to be taken of Mrs. Grey, is that a little brief authority has gone to her head. In her assumption, she is simply childish; and in her implied charges she is ludicrous. It may be that she is precisely what she pretends to be—the representative of a congressional investigating committee; but it must be said that investigating committees do not usually employ agents of this rather peculiar kind. For though rather barren of ideas, this estimable investigator is blessed with a prolixity of language that would have made Mary Ellen Lease hustle to keep her laurels the best day that populists lady ever saw.

A CHILD WAS THE CONTENTION

In Judge Graham's court the other day the question was who should have the custody of little Mary Ellen Callahan, the 4-year-old daughter of Catherine and Fabian Callahan. The couple were divorced some weeks ago and the child left in joint custody, but dissensions have since arisen and each appeared in court in an effort to get sole possession of the baby.

"I think you ladies can help me in this matter," said Judge Graham, indicating the twelve women in the courtroom at the time. "Please step into the jury box."

The women promptly complied with the request, but even before the taking of testimony began a distant buzzing started in the jury box, and this quickly evolved into a chorus of emphatic but diversified opinions as to how the case should be decided.

"Wait a moment there!" ordered the court. "This looks like a packed jury to me. In fact I'm sure it's a packed jury, and it seems to be about evenly packed for each side. With all due respect to you charming near jurors I am afraid I shall have to decide this case myself. The jury is dismissed."

The court then decided the child should be placed in Notre Dame convent, both parents being given permission to visit her at any reasonable

COAST NEWS

The Egan School, located at the top of the Hamburger Majestic Theater building, Ninth and Broadway, Los Angeles, is the largest dramatic school west of the Mississippi river, the largest save one in the United States, and demonstrated as the most practical and successful anywhere, without exception.

At its head is Frank G. Egan, an actor, a theatrical authority, a master of dramatic technique, and an instructor without a peer as a conveyor of ideas to earnest young students.

The Egan School has developed and produced more successful actors and actresses than any other school outside of New York. This is the test—and the only one—a school's worth. Many of its graduates are now among the country's foremost players. A young woman who matriculated last year has just been taken as the leading woman of one of the most famous actors in America, to open soon in a big play in the metropolis. Three others, since the summer months came, have won their way to Pacific Coast celebrity. Two others, within the past few weeks, have attained permanent and successful engagements.

The equipment of the school is absolutely unparalleled and unsurpassed. It has fifteen rooms and a private theater. It has the magnificent Dobson library, one of the finest collections of dramatic literature, data and priceless mementos in the world. Its faculty of fourteen instructors has been chosen from the actual ranks of people who are dramatically successful today—not successes of seventies or early eighties. Its lecturers and technical directors are the foremost actors in the city of Los Angeles.

The Egan School has a working affiliation with the huge Morosco-Blackwood corporation, a million-dollar combine controlling five theaters, whereby actors and actresses step direct from the school to the stage. Thomas Taylor Drill, the foremost American vocal authority, has left Chicago and will head the new Egan conservatory, just established.

SHEEP AS BURDEN BEARERS.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European countries. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers.

The load for each sheep is from sixteen pounds to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village with the wool still growing and in each town the farmer sheers as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain he re-

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TAKE NOTE—THOMAS TAYLOR DRILL, the foremost vocal authority in this country, and director of 2 of Chicago's largest Choral societies, is now head of the musical conservatory just established within the Egan school.

The eleventh successful season has just started, but such are our facilities that STUDENTS MAY ENTER AT ANY TIME.

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ceives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.—Westminster Gazette.

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